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An Old Man's Reverie

ALBERT WALTON

The night, deep and dark, is descending
O'er the distant hills away,
And my hearth is so bleak and desolate,
And my heart is so cheerless and grey.

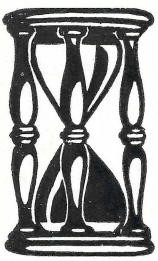
'Tis an eve for deep retrospection
On the olden, golden days,
When the eves were not filled with mourning,
But with merry roundelays.

When about the broad hearth we would gather,
In a bright joyous band of old,
And the warmth of our hearts and our hearthstones
Bid defiance to Winter's chill cold.

Or in summer, about the broad meadows
We'd play, nor never grow tired;
And before us were bright aspirations,
While with hope our youth was inspired.

But now, gone are these hopes and ambitions,
Gone are my castles in Spain;
While of their brightness and promise
Are left only longing and pain.

So the curtain of night is descending,
Life's sands run swiftly and fast,
I gaze at the dead embers and smile,
A mute tribute to the joys of the past.



The Queen Necrana's Violin.

A Fairy Story.

ROWENA WOODHAM '09.

Once upon a time there lived an aged woman and a little boy named Melanthus, in a small hut in the edge of the forest. Now this boy and woman were strangely different in appearance. The boy's features had about them an air of refinement and culture not found in those of the woman.

Melanthus' earliest recollections had been of a violin, kept in the richest and most gorgeously embroidered of casing and guarded by the woman as if it were sacred. So he had learned to regard it as a sacred thing and longed with all his heart to reach the age when he should be allowed to have it for his own. He often questioned the old woman as to how it came to be in their possession, but she would only shake her head and answer with grieved heart and trembling voice that at some time he should know.

So he would go into the forest, seat himself on the rocks beside the cool stream and amuse himself for hours with drawing the bow across the strings of his violin and bring forth such melodious tones as no other instrument had ever produced.

Now Cryneba, queen of the forest fairies, hearing the low, sad tones of the violin, drew near. She advanced towards him, her face lighted with pleasure, and held forth her hand for the violin. Melanthus had never dreamed that such beauty existed and as he looked upon her, clad in her clinging garments of silver, he knew that he beheld Cyrneba, queen of the fairies, of whom the old woman had told so many times. And as she played, he was held as if entranced, and there came upon him the realization that some day he, too, should be able to play upon this instrument, that he loved as his life, with that same passion and depth of feeling.

Realizing how she had inspired him, and how he longed to be taught the art, she agreed to come each morning just as the birds awakened, to this rock by the forest stream, and to teach him her art.

Faithfully for eight long years they had worked together, when Cryneba told him one morning to prepare to depart to the King's palace, at the day break of the morrow, to play before the king and his royal court. She explained to him that the king had sent a message through his land of Norsdale requesting musicians to present

themselves at the palace and to display their art before him.

For three long days they journeyed, and when they came in sight of the palace, Melanthus, because of his shabby clothing, hesitated. But Cryneba urged him on, and when they passed between the palace gates, his shabby clothes were replaced with the richest court attire.

When he took his place the king was struck with his noble and royal appearance. Then there was something so strangely familiar about his face. When the first full rich chord was struck, he was lost to all save the music, for never was there but one violin possessing that passionate, entrancing tone and only his long lost wife, the gifted queen, Necrana, had ever played with such feeling.

Immediately after Melanthus had finished, the fairy Cryneba, taking him by the hand, presented him to the king as Prince Melanthus, son of the king of Norsdale.

Then Cryneba explained to the king the story only a part of which he knew. She told how sixteen years before, robbers and highway men had one day attacked the royal party, when they were outside the royal grounds, had killed the guards and carried the queen Necrana, her small son, and the old nurse to the edge of a large forest and left them, and how the Queen Necrana had sickened and died, leaving her violin in the care of the old nurse, charging her to save it for her son, Melanthus.

Johnson and Slater.

ALBERT WALTON, '11.

Silence had reigned for some time in the little office save for the monotonous ticking of the clock, and the longer insistent scratch of the clerk's pen. The clock seemed tireless in its race with time, but presently the man at the desk yawned and stretched his tired arm, which had raced over the sheets of paper for so many long hours. Rising, he walked to the window and looked out.

Dusk was falling and with it had come a deep fog, chill and damp, which caused the lights which had begun to twinkle here and there to shine dimly through the gathering gloom. Beneath an unending stream of home-goers crowded the street—a vast cosmopolitan crowd, such as only the largest city in the New World can show.

The man at the window looked and a shudder of disgust swept through his slight frame. The deep unending roar on the street

and the never changing throng crossing and recrossing always filled the tired mind with a fierce loathing, which almost amounted to physical pain. And he was unusually tired tonight.

But there had been a time when it had not been so. Lured by the promise of what seemed to him to be a goodly wage and the hope of immediate promotion, he had been induced to leave the western home with his little family to accept a clerkshlp in the city. And at first he had enjoyed it immensely. The thought that he was a part of it all; that he was a part in the mighty machine which thundered and roared in front of his office daily, pleased his youthful fancies greatly.

But promotion came slowly to Richard Slater. Although he was a bright young fellow he had not fully realized the difficulties that would be in his way and the active competition of men as quick and accurate as himself. Also he found that the wages he had thought so munificent were hardly sufficient to supply the simplest necessaries for his family in a large city. But he had held blindly on and awoke all too late to the realization that he was fast caught in that vast, almost hopeless vortex of humanity—the lower workers in a great city, from whose ranks it is so hard to break.

He turned and began to pace up and down the narrow confines of the office. Once when passing the desk, he picked up his pay envelope which still lay unopened on some papers and smiled bitterly as he did so. A mere pittance, he thought, scarcely enough to pay the rent and coal bill.

Presently the memory of other days came upon him, but he did not see the dark rainy days which he had loathed so much in his youth. Rather he saw only the days of sunshine in which trees bloomed and birds sang. A sudden resolve stirred him and he stepped quickly towards the hat and coat which hung near the door. He would get away from the place where he had spent so many weary hours and go back to a place where there was at least a moment's silence. As he was placing his hand on the knob the door opened and his employer entered.

"Going, Mr. Slater?" he inquired cheerily. "I wish you'd write a letter for me before you go. My stenographer is out and the matter is important."

The order written the old gentleman made no move to go but sat thinking. He was a man of dignified bearing whose black hair gave the lie to his sixty odd years. He had been a man of hardy physique, but for the past year or two had been aging perceptibly and that evening the lines of fatigue

stood out plainly on the handsome face. When he looked up again there was a twinkle in the grey eyes.

"Mr. Slater," he said, and he spoke with his usual terseness, "I am getting to be a pretty old man and my business has grown rather heavy on me of late. You have been with me for several years and know my business thoroughly. I have noticed that you show good business ability. Now, I propose, if you wish to accept half the responsibility and most of the work, to make you a full partner in the firm."

"But, Mr. Johnson, if —"

"There are no 'ifs' about the matter, Mr. Slater," said the other, kindly, but firmly, "just sign that order Johnson & Slater if you please. And you had better appoint another head clerk before you go. Good evening."

When the older man had gone the junior partner arose and again walked to the window. The lights, shining through the mist, cast halos of light around themselves and below the crowd seemed increasing. The man at the window saw and smiled faintly.

"Johnson & Slater." How well it sounded.

S. C. I. Basket Ball Team

(Fell Jan. 9, 1909)

Lo, the Basket Ball team
With foe no more to mix,
Whom Fairfield left to dream
Of thirty-six to six.

Tread softly on these bones
Of far-renowned Curley;
Receiving naught but stones,
He deserved more, surely.

In battle fell Sir Paul,
The bravest of the brave.
No more he'll play at ball;
He lies low in his grave.

Oh ye who pass, forbear
Your foot on this to place,
For Gene, whose height was spare,
Here has six feet of space.

Our Hill did love to stray
O'er fields and meadows wide;
We hope he now does play
In heav'n, since he has died.

Forbear of Bert to jest;
He was of the true stuff.
Though he always did his best,
It was not quite enough.

O pause a while with me
And weep for little Jim.
He played his best, you see,
But it's now all up with him.

The Miraculous Escape of Carol Perry.

SCRUBBY REYNOLDS.

Once upon a time a young man, commonly called "Crusty" by his associates, but whose real name was Carol Perry, lived in the small city of Albion.

This young man, who was very beautiful and had long, dark, curly hair was very miserable. His teachers—he went to the Southern College of Illinois—all made it a point every day to call on him more than on all the other pupils. This combined with other things made his life very miserable. Finally, when one day his German and Latin teachers had given him extra long, hard, lessons, his English teacher informed the class that for the next day they were each to write a historical novel and an epic poem.

Poor Crusty went home almost in tears. He set to work, but it was too much for him. Soon he fell asleep, his tear-stained face resting on the ink-daubed sheets, his curly hair mingling with the ink.

While he slept, lo, twenty little goblins entered the room. Then the Fairy Queen appeared. She waved her wand and the goblins fell to work; and in no time the task was finished.

When Crusty awoke he could not believe his eyes. He was so elated over what the good fairies had done for him, he could hardly eat his breakfast. When he got to school he found that he was the only one who had both the epic and the novel complete. Thus he escaped the wrath of the teacher.

Tramps.

BY HAMPTON CROME.

Tramps are the logical result of our economic system. Men who are thrown out of employment, men who are crippled and men who are without money are what mostly constitute the class of tramps. They are very numerous and are found in all parts of the country. Most of them seek the warm climate, going to the south in the winter where they can sleep out of doors without freezing.

Inventions having increased the power of production more rapidly than the demand for products has grown, and women having entered all professions and trades are the reasons for there being tramps.

On the farm, machines are used, where formerly a number of men

were employed to do the same amount of work. In transportation, railway trains are used instead of an extra man or two to haul the products of the farm to the city. The factory, much the same as other places of business, employs machines which are cheaper, instead of men. Where one man can do a piece of work with the help of a machine, it would have taken a number of men to do the same work a number of years ago.

Women now do much work, formerly done by men. At one time it was thought to be unladylike to do work outside of the home, but today they are found occupying the same positions as men, and doing work as well and some much better than men.

The quickness of their intelligence and accuracy of their work, have made women more desirable in the office than men. Men like better to go out evenings than to stay at home, causing their brain to become over-tired, resulting in unsatisfactory work; while women not being able to go out on the streets without an escort, stay home, which gives the brain complete rest, resulting in the best of work each day.

On account of inventions and women having taken the places of men, many men who are willing and able to work are thrown out of employment. Machines save money for the employer, while women work cheaper than men.

As it is impossible to do away with machinery in order to give men more employment, and also impossible to compel women to stop working in the positions formerly held by men, we must therefore be willing to help the tramps along the best we can, even though it is but a piece of cold bread and meat handed out from the back door.

Exchanges.

I stood upon a mountain,
I looked down upon a plain,
I saw a lot of green stuff
And it looked like waving grain.
I took another look,
And thought it must be grass,
But goodness! to my horror
It was the Freshman class.

Prof.—"When was the revival of learning?"

Student—"Just before the last exams."

Ceasar is dead and buried,
And so is Cicero;
Where these two have gone,
I wish their books would go.

An English III Student: "I say, Miss Strawn, I don't think I deserve an absolute zero."

Miss Strawn: "Neither do I, but that is the lowest grade I am allowed to give."

THE EGYPTIAN STUDENT

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Editorial.

Brilliancy is not a thing to be desired. The one who knows that in order to succeed he must work, and who is willing every day to do this, or rather, does it every day whether he is willing or not, is the one who gets there.

That is a peculiar process we call losing one's temper. It is a thing the average small school boy considers great; but of which, as men grow older and especially wiser, they learn to see the folly. For passion tears away the tissues; it retards the physiological processes. It renders character unstable by undermining two of its vital pillars—self control and self respect. It vitiates the morals, by leading to rash acts. In truth a single public demonstration of a "mad fit" loses one in the eyes of the people to so great an extent, that it is to be seriously doubted whether that which was lost can ever again be regained.

This year the "Student" has been making its appearances, as all no doubt are aware, at rather irregular intervals. Dear friends, if you would know whom to blame, it is the publishers! We have had complete copy of every issue in their hands with ample time for publication. They have refused absolutely, under one pretense and another, to make good their agreement. The present issue is put out by another company, and we earnestly hope the magazine will come out promptly during the rest of the year.

(The members of the staff have been harassed by the constant delays until they are grey-headed).

We owe it to the world and to our fellow beings to be cheerful. No matter if adversities do come upon us we're not justified in making those around us unhappy just because we are. We are but adding an item of unhappiness to the world and it is already over-stocked with that commodity.

A certain prominent temperance woman of whom we have all heard, has said that "her initials were C. A. N." and added that "there

wasn't any 'T' to make it can't either." Now if all of us would look at the matter in that way we would progress a great deal faster than we do. There are far too many who add the "T" too often.

There is but one man throughout this vast country of ours who is to be envied. And it is not the trust magnate who can scarcely count his millions on the ends of his fingers, nor the great railroad president whose slight word of command could paralyze the nerves of action of a mighty nation. Neither is it the great warrior whose fame is written in the blood of others, nor is it the man who sits in the presidential chair for he has troubles and they are many. But it is the man rich or poor; with high social standing or no social standing at all; highly educated or with the merest rudiments of knowledge, who is perfectly happy in the consciousness of work well done and a blameless life well spent. At peace with his fellowmen and with his God, he may be extremely happy and though he possess neither riches, power nor fame, he may have an inheritance infinitely greater than all these—the inheritance of Peace.

A Tribute.

Our hearts were saddened on the morning of January 21, by the news that our friend and fellow-student, Roy Marshall, of North Edwards, had passed away at an early hour that morning. He was a youth of sterling quality and high capabilities, highly esteemed by all who knew him. Although it seems hard, very hard, to part with one so young, we should remember that he has not gone down into the grave, but has gone to take up his abode in the mansion of his Master. Although his sojourn on earth was short, he has not neglected to work in his Master's vineyard and we gain consolation from the belief that his reward shall be great in heaven.

The heartiest sympathies of students and faculty of the S. C. I. are extended to the family of the deceased in their bereavement.

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join,
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Ex-Student and Alumni.

E. E. ANDERSON.

Mr. Henry Walker, one of the early students of the S. C. I. is located in the irrigated section of Colorado at Cimarron. He reports that land is worth from $300 to $500 per acre. Country teachers have a nine-month term of school and get from $60 to $75 per month.

Mr. E. L. Thread is making arrangements to enter school for the spring term.

Mr. Luther Bogan visited the S. C. I. recently. Mr. Bogan is staying at home at present. He is devoting his time to writing short stories.

Mr. Martin Gwaltney was compelled to give up teaching this year on account of ill health.

On the 21st of January, death for the second time this year, invaded our ranks and took one of our most faithful students, Mr. Roy Marshall. All the students and teachers had learned to love Mr. Marshall during the short time he was in the school. It was a great pleasure to us to know that he had steadfast hopes for the future. During the last few moments of his life he prayed for the Y. M. C. A. and for the college boys.

Mr. Bert Koonce is conducting a successful term of school at the Dunk school. He is planning to come in for the spring term this year.

Two of the popular lady ex-students of the S. C. I. have recently become brides. Miss Mary Tribe was married to Mr. Erwin May, a popular young farmer living a short distance northwest of Albion. Miss Amy Smith was married to Mr. Clyde Gumbrell, an energetic young farmer living about five miles north of Albion. Both these young ladies were esteemed in school for their many commendable qualities.

Mr. W. B. Inskeep and Miss Nona Gill were recently elected to the positions of Vice President and Secretary respectively, of the Wayne County Teachers' Association. When we consider the fact that Wayne County has over two hundred teachers we can see that there is something of importance attached to these positions. The S. C. I. students always stand well wherever they labor.

Mr. Aubrey Yates is teaching a strong school in the Bond district this winter. He is planning to return to school as soon as his term of work closes. Mr. Yates was a strong student when in school and from all reports he is teaching a strong school this year.

Messrs. Bem Parmenter and Schuyler Harper will finish their

medical courses in the Barnes Medical school this year. They have each sent a good pledge on the endowment for the S. C. I. Mr. Parmenter says, "I wish I could multiply my pledge indefinitely." Mr. Harper says, "I should like to see the S. C. I. the best school in Mississippi valley."

Mr. Rook Patterson recently wrote the S. C. I. for his grades. In his letter he says that he has won in both the class and inter-class debates in the Indiana State University, in which he is a student, and is expecting to represent the "varsity" in the inter-state debate.

We would be glad at any time to receive letters from the ex-students or members of the alumni, telling us what they are doing and telling how the work of the S. C. I. is helping them. Write us today.

Mr. Robert Barber, until recently engaged in wholesale grocery business at Mt. Carmel, Ill., has sold his share in that concern and will stay in Albion for some time.

We noticed in the Albion Journal that Mr. Howe has recently purchased a laundry outfit, at Canon City, Colorado. Mr. Howe is a hustler and will certainly make good if any one can.

Brotherly Love—An Allegory.

BY EDITH WIGGLE, '09.

Alone and with sorrowful mien, Brotherly Love sat upon a high mountain and watched the crowds of men jostling each other upon the earth. The weak were trampled under foot; the greedy snatched away the pitiful wages of the poor; the suffering were unrelieved. He sighed and mused thus:

"How many, many years have I struggled to implant myself in the hearts of men? How often have I been defeated and tortured and imprisoned? And even now men will go on in their own wilful way paying little heed to my promptings. But ah, what is that?"

He leaned forward and watched breahtlessly the advance of a movement among mortals to establish the Brotherhood of Man. Anxiously he gazed until he saw the leaders of this movement themselves oppressing the poor and unrelieving the suffering. He leaned back and sighed.

But presently another movement was advanced and men seemed as if transformed under its influence. They eagerly pushed forward the work of relief and went about their Father's business at all times. A triumphant smile lit up the face of Brotherly Love as he said:

"Now men, now, have ye touched the right chord. Through your love for the Father, ye have learned to love all men as brothers. That is the only way."

The Meeting.

ALBERT WALTON.

The sun had just set and the long tropical evening, full of the mystery and romance of southern seas, had begun, when the yacht Xenia steamed slowly into the harbor. Presently the lights of Calcutta began to twinkle across the harbor, simultaneously with myriads of stars such as only southern skies can show. On the wharves some natives were chanting a weird, melancholy dirge peculiar to their people, while up from the southward the trades blew softly, bringing with them odors faintly suggestive of spices and sunny Ceylon. Another yacht, fully lighted, came slipping down the harbor out of the darkness like a spirit from another world. Altogether the night was one of weird enchanting beauty, beautiful as only a night in that strange, wild land, near those strange broad seas, with their untold mysteries can be.

At least, so thought the owner of the Xenia as he dreamily watched the moon rise out of the ocean and flood the world with a pale cold light. The young man seemed lost in revery and his gaze went far past the lights of the city into the wild interior. So deep was his retrospection that he did not hear the slight splash of oars alongside as a light boat shot across the silvery water and stood beneath the bows.

Presently the figure of a man came forward and seated himself near young Osbourne. Each sat smoking for some time in silence, neither seeming to care to break the calm. It was Osbourne who spoke first.

"Captain Dwyer," he said, "it has been several years since I last entered the harbor of Calcutta. At that time I was in company with a man named Henning and his yacht, the 'Lady May.' We were chums at Oxford and after graduating agreed to spend a year traveling together. Accordingly we set out, each in our own boat, but always in close touch with one another.

"This went on for several months until the fateful evening when we steamed into this very harbor and anchored in almost the precise spot where we now are. It was just such a night as this and we were enthralled, enchanted with the beauty of it all. He was of the poetic temperament, was Henning, and I shall never forgot the awe-struck reverence of his tone of voice that night as our boat danced across the moonlit waters on the way to the shore.

"Then within a few hours was to come the little incident which was destined to destroy the friendship of years. We met her at the ball that night. I suppose it was due partly to magic witchery of the evening and partly to our own hot-headedness that we quarreled so fiercely over an acquaintance of so short duration. At any rate that is just what we did.

"When I had had time to think the matter over a few hours I saw what an absolutely foolish, boyish thing it was to do. But Henning was gone and to this day I have never heard of him. The girl I heard, recently married a Frenchman from Calais."

He paused. A vague strange feeling that something was wrong troubled him. He groped about in his mind for an explanation but for some time was unsuccessful. At last it struck him that the captain never smoked cigarettes while his companion had now disposed of two. Again the captain was a voluble little man while the man at his side had not spoken. Suddenly comprehension flashed upon him and he recalled familiar details in the rigging of the brilliantly lighted vessel lying anchored abeam. Also he now remembered of having subconsciously heard the splash of oars some time before. Without turning, he swung his hand round toward the other:

"Hello, Henning," he said, simply.

"Hello, Osbourne," answered the other.

Quite matchless are her dark brown i i i
She talks with the utmost e e e
And when I tell her she is y y y,
She says I am a t t t

But when her pencil I would u u u,
Her little hand I c c c
Quick from her cheeks the blushes oo oo oo,
And her ire I must a p p p.

—Ex.

If you ever try to be manager,
(Which you may thank your stars you are not),
You will like for all the subscribers
To "whack up" on the spot.

Locals

From indications, mock trials have reached their maximum in the Socratic. While they were flourishing the liquor traffic was the chief source of material for harangue. The two foremost attorneys posted in the halls a challenge which any might accept who counted themselves worthy. At this writing no one deserving any notice has appeared. All, no doubt, stand greatly in fear of the formidable pair whose appellations adorn the challenge.

Miss Shark (to John)—"When was Chaucer born?"

John—"It isn't definitely known."

Miss Shark—"Well, when did he die?"

John—"About sixty years after he was born."

Proudfoot (to class in physical culture)—"How many in the class keep up your daily breathings? Do you Mr. Skinner?"

Skinner (meekly)—"I—I forgot it yesterday, sir."

The *Male Quartet*—what is it, where is it? Oh, where are the musical dogs who promised to fatten us with the marrow of their bones? Some one asked the other day: "Oh, what's the matter with the *Male Quartet?* We haven't heard from the fool thing yet!" Another answered: "The best I've heard of it was: 'With Proudfit, Curty, and Bunting and Benin, what can it do but go to enin.' " Let us hear from you.

Our little kindly, jovial, beaming, smiling Miss Proudfit has left us and gone away to be an old Mrs. Doctor Somebody. We can't see that it is right, for every morning she would come down to chapel and just pour her delightful little soul right into those old, cold hymns and quicken them—and us—into life. And then, she wasn't—oh, well, she knew every slob of us, and anywhere. Oh, had the fates decreed differently, how happy we would be! Blessings on *thee* noble Doctor.

As a result of the mock trials, two members of certain classes have gone raving mad over law. One of them says his parental relatives have always desired him to become a lawyer, and he was now determined to do it. The other declares he has known for some time that this is his place in life. Both are men of great eloquence; both are men with great ability to adhere closely to an ideal. So B. & B., we predict for you both a rattling success. May you in some way become a blessing to the world.

Zoology Prof.—"Mr. Hill, for what does the frog use its tongue?"

Hilly—"It uses it for hollering, doesn't it?"

Spring's Sedition

ALBERT WALTON

Sometimes I get to thinking
When for sleep my eyes are blinking,
Over scraps of Ceasar's blowout,
All about the Gallic wars—

That Queen Nature is our teacher,
'Stead of Tennyson and Beecher;
That we need a better schooling
Than our books and rules can give.

Now, listen to me, brother:
Let's one reason with the other;
What's the use of us a-studying
All the best of life away?

When without, keen life is pulsing,
Where the leaves are ever rustling,
And the tiny brook is gurgling
Of the spring up in the hills.

Where the birds are always singing
And the woodland glades are ringing
With the cries of merry songsters,
Calling you their nests to see.

Knowest the bluebell's deep seclusion?
Or the poppy's fair delusion?
Or how sweet william from the hedgerows
Beckons so enticingly?

You do not?— Then hie! my brother,
And you'll soon be nature's lover,
Let's throw our books grate-fireward—
' Bet you mine would get there first!

Young Woman's Christian Association.

When Christ took the hand of Darius' daughter and said to her, "Daughter, I say unto thee arise," is He not speaking to us even now? Are we, as an association not banded together to raise from centuries of oppression, the womankind of the earth? Is there not a peculiar burden resting upon the Christian women of America? Should we ever rest until every girl has heard of Christ's love and sacrifice for her life?

Girls, it is time for us to rise up in the spirit of God and strive to bring every girl who does not know Him to a vital realization of the privilege of a life lived in Him. Let it be the prayer of every association member that every girl of the S. C. I. shall be brought to Christ, built up in Christ and sent out for Christ.

The World's Student Federation has set aside Sunday, Feb. 14, 1909, as the Universal Day of Prayer. All Christian people are asked to pray that students, the world over, will make that day decisive for their Lord and Master, Christ Jesus.

Shall we not heed the call?

Monday, Feb. 1.—Miss Neely speaks to the association.

Monday, Feb. 8.—Mrs. Arch Bassett will talk to the girls.

Monday, Feb. 15.—We will consider the importance of church membership.

Monday, Feb. 22.—Mrs. Reynolds will speak to us.

Come down the hill and over the way,
To see what we do at Y. W. C. A.

Prayer meeting—Monday, 3:20.

Bible study—Wednesday.

Kucken Klatch—Every other Friday, 8:00 p. m.

Our dues are 50 cents a year; 25 cents a semester. Of this 25 cents goes to the State Committee; 15, to the National Board; 5, to the World's Board, and 10 to special work at Buenos Ayres, South America.

Tag day is coming! What is it? You'll find out soon.

Our "Round Robin" letter will reach in March. Illinois Woman's College, Eureka College, Northwestern College, Illinois State Normal University, Shurtleff College and Chicago University are on our list.

Miss Ruth Wheeler, the student secretary for Illinois, will be here during the first week of March.

We are taking the Association Monthly and the Foreign Depart-

ment Quarterly. Look for them in the reading room.

Going? ? ? Going? Gone!

Where? To the Geneva Summer Conference. Why not? Save your pennies. Attractions: Tenting, boating, swimming, walking, tennis, fine lectures, Bible Study, girls from the North Central Colleges and beautiful consecrated women as leaders.

A great outing! A wonderful spirit!

Can't you go?

All aboard for the Lake Geneva Summer Conference.

The Socratic Literary.

The subject of this sketch rather was than is; it is an institution of the past, rather than of the present. There was a time in the history of the school when it flourished; but it withered prematurely and, alas, has now entered the realms of the past.

We hardly know whether or not it is our lot to here try to arrive at some of the causes of the fall of this institution. We merely suggest that something of the wrong might have been due to certain important office holders—or rather certain ones who should have been important. It is possible that the president did the best of which he was capable—who knows? Can as much be intimated of the critics, upon whom was the all important duty of programs? Then the critics were very incapable creatures. Then the society itself is to be condemned for putting into office such talent.

We scarcely think it unfitting to remark that the general spirit of the meetings approached a nature nearly boisterous. This can hardly be interpreted as a sign of health, but of decay.

Whatever the causes the Socratic has from present indications, died. Whether it shall live again is more than we can say as yet. Let us hope for what we consider the more preferable—the life or permanent death of the organization!

Minnie—"Now, what is a molly coddle? could you give an example?"

Maili—"Well, there's Mr. Payne and Paul Reynolds. You know how they do when we girls practice basket-ball. Do you understand?"

Little Miss Woodham (reading from Virgil with all her native dignity)—"I shall transport to the stars, all your *future ancestors.*"

E. Risley (defining cute);"Something like myself."

Odds and Ends.

Willie had a little tack,
Stuck it into Johnny's back,
And replied, when John objected:
"Don't be scared, it's disinfected."
—The Independent.

"Have you ever kissed before,"
asked she.
"Never, my dear, no one but thee."
"I did not know," she said demurely,
"Whether 'twas ignorance or awkwardness purely."

"They say," said he (he thought he was clever),
"That people look alike who always live together."
"Do they?" she said (she really was clever),
"That being so, it settles you forever."

If you wish to court disaster,
To try witch-hazel and court-plaster,
Just you get an introduction,
And try to bow on roller skates.

In the parlor there were three,
Girl, the parlor lamp and he,
Two are company, no doubt,
That is why the lamp went out.
—The Independent.

A boy went a fishin' down to the brook,
With a cord en string and little pin hook.
He sez to his ma, "I'll ketch a whale,
D'ye spose I c'd borry that little tin pail?"

NOTHING ¶ That is what the rich man wants, what the poor have, the miser spends and the spender saves. ¶ We do not want anyone to be a miser, for every man owes himself the necessary comforts of life, but you don't want to be known as a "spender" by your associates. It may sound flattering but the man who has a bank account and saves at least a small part of his wages stands head and shoulders above the spendthrift in any community. ¶ You can save some of your earnings if you will and this bank will be glad to assist you in the undertaking. ¶ You can open an account here with one dollar—deposit as often as you wish, and any amount you like.

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